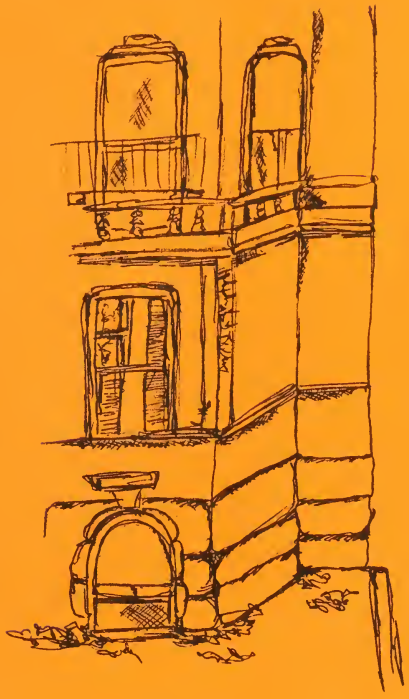
CHARLES VIEWER



WINTER EDITION

1974

[1975 ?]

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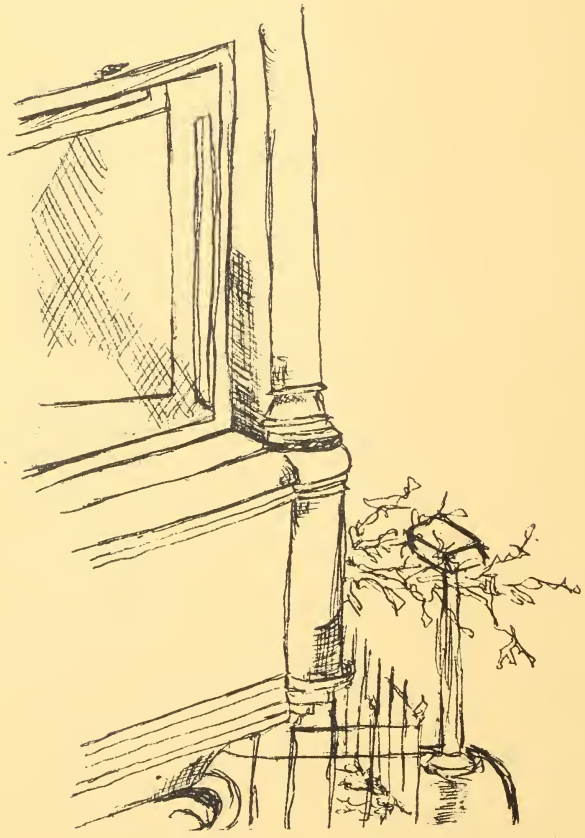
Winter Edition - 1974
Fisher Junior College

There is a huge city named Boston,
Which isn't too hard to get lost in;
    The sirens and horns,
    Through the nights and the morns,
Like a salad, you're sort of just tossed in!

Melanie Troy '76



ONLY TO SAVE YOU

Heaps of brick and stone were cities;
Piles of rubble and timber were villages.
In the broken cities, time bombs wait
To throw garbage at the sky;
School children, kind old grandparents,
Parts and pieces and families die.
Dig through the remnants of what was home;
Say good-bye to where the heart was.
Run to shelter when the alert rings again.
Antipersonnel bombs to fill the hospitals--
Napalm so the light may burn forever--
A ditch full of people, suspected VC,
   but people--
Fight two thousand years for freedom,
So the iron hand in the velvet glove
Can put a strangling grip on your throat
And leave a heavy footprint in your sand.

Katherine Myers '76

THE FIRST SNOW

We were watching the football game;
I was getting ready to leave.
You really didn't look like you were
Too enthralled with the idea of walking
Me home.
We had our goodnight kiss
And went to look out the window
(deciding whether it was necessary to
    wear a hat and gloves.)
And there it was--
White, pure, and virginal--
Snow.
It was kind of romantic, wasn't it?
So we kissed again,
Built a fire
And roasted chestnuts.

Cherie Freedman '75

It was quite uncommon to see young, unmarried girls freely roaming about unescorted. I don't think we realized just exactly how strange it must have seemed to our observers.

We had decided to travel through Yugoslavia by bus because it was cheap. And the game was: Who-Can-put-Up-With-The-Most-Discomfort-So-He-Can-Get-By-On-Less-Money-Than-The-Next-Guy!

Unfortunately, my two companions had contracted dysentery, and after three days of the bus ride, we decided that the best thing to do was get on a train and out of the country as quickly as possible. The only trouble was, once we got off the bus, we could not make anyone understand what we were looking for.

So here we sat, surrounded by about thirty men who found nothing impolite about staring, pointing, making Slavic noises, and slapping us and each other on the back.

After trying every fragment of foreign languages we knew, we still were not getting through. My sister was beginning to lose her temper and starting to yell at the men to "Speak English!"

I was cool. I put my arm around her shoulder and began a very optimistic speech about how one can always find a means of communication. Who cares if they do not speak anything but Slavic?

And so I proceeded to draw on her sketch pad a picture of a train station and passed it through the crowd of men.

Finally, one fellow grabbed my pen. "Ah," I said, "Now, Janice, this is what I meant. You see, no cause for panic!"

And my pad was returned. You could see the delight on his face, as he was the only one who caught on to the "game." I looked down, and alas, for his turn he had drawn a chicken!

Dorothy DiChiara '76

JOE

Joe was old and wrinkled, senile to be sure, but of all the people in that place, he was the one I remember most and loved the best. He was the epitome of old age; one never knew if he could comprehend what one was saying to him. It really made no difference. He always listened. He had the most beautiful, crystal-clear, blue eyes I'd ever seen. He only spoke in babbled words or phrases, but looking into his eyes, one knew what he had said. He was the image of a man-child. At times, he looked so old; the only way one knew he was alive was to watch him breathe. Other times, he was like a child, innocent and virginal. It hurt me to know that nobody cared for him anymore. I only hope he knew how much I loved him and what he meant to me.

Cherie Freedman '75

WHAT AM I?

Here I lie, wrapped in a kleenex tissue in a dark corner of a dresser drawer. I hear somebody opening the drawer in which I lie. Can it be that I am going to be taken at last? Oh, no! These are not the hands of my sixteen year old friend who bought me. These hands probably belong to his mother. I hope she doesn't discover me. Whew! That was close. I am sure she would have quickly disposed of me.

I wonder when my friend will get home from school. I am so tired of lying here doing nothing. Wait a minute; I think I hear him now. Yes, it is he. I recognize his smell. He is looking for me. He seems frantic for he can tell somebody has been in his drawer. I hear a sigh of relief. He has found me. He is picking me up, and...he is not going to take me yet. He is putting me in his pocket, as he goes out the door.

My friend has been walking for a long time. I wonder where we are going. I certainly am getting bored, for I'm the only one left. My family has disappeared one by one every day this week. I want to have my chance to do my thing soon.

My friend has stopped walking now. He has stopped in a doorway. He is reaching around his pocket. He has me! I am so excited! This is my chance to show him just how good a friend I am!

Dear friend, I hope I can give you more pleasure than the other members of my family have. I want to be able to make you unconcious of all your problems.

My friend is looking at me hesitantly. Come on. Take me. After all, I am your friend, too. This is it! I am going down my friend's throat. Such ecstasy! I can do my thing at last!

I am taking him higher and higher. He looks carefree as he saunters along.

Gee, it sure is getting hot. I...something is happening. I'm frightened! He's frightened. He's breaking out in a sweat. Wait! Don't run! Stop I tell you! Stop! What's the matter with you? Can't you see straight? Hey, look out for that car...!

Marilyn Walker '76

GOOD-BYE

I cannot see
For my eyes are blurred;
I am not crying,
For there is no tear.
Here I say good-bye;
Where can I again say hi?

I am a Chinese. I came from Hong Kong, the place where I was born. This poem shows how I feel and how many others who leave their home countries feel.

Hleena Chou '76

THE GREY GUARDS

The old, ferned, grey posts defiantly stood
Guarding the brown, winter-killed grass.
I could tell it had stood since Grandpa hung it there,
For it wobbled with unsteady age.
Knotholes of dark, night-black cracked the greyness;
The hooks stretched 'round to cuddle the wire
Whose sound--a necklace twinkling--
Rose when softly it hit.

Barbara Lourie '76

TELL ME A SECRET

Open the morning;
Bring in the day.
Smile at the sunshine;
Brighten the way
For many a pilgrim
Sharing the road.
Fill him with goodness;
Lighten his load
And tell me a secret,
Where your strength lies.
Is it your mind
Or your omniscient eyes?
Is it your moments
Of helpless surprise,
That somehow you can't ever
Seem to disguise?
Hey, hero of worship,
Your dominance obeys
Each spoken story;
Each wonder betrays
The luster of your world,
The needlessness of mine.
Oh, tell me a secret,
My dear friend divine.
Who holds you in winter?
Who scorns you in fall?
I shake and I weaken
While walking the hall.
Your doorway is empty;
Your windows--alone
I press on the doorbell
And wait for the tone
To soften my sense,
To color my mind;
You open the chances,
But what do I find?
Tell me a secret,
Oh wise, loving one;
Will you ever know
The damage you've done?
Give me an answer,
And I'll be gone.

Sally Jutras '75

The road is long;
From the fir the bird lets out his song.

Morning has come
Bringing dew and bright sun rays;

Nothing is more beautiful than
A doe and her newborn fawn.

Midday arrives, and
The sun beams brightly
Making that road warm.

Evening comes fast as
The stars dot the sky;

The forest is asleep,
And all is right.

Sally O'Connor '76

REALITY

Once, I wished I was a baseball bat, for I was angry at the world. The world was a baseball. I hit that ball right off the field! The pitcher threw still another ball. I stopped hitting. I stopped playing. It was then that something struck me. I was not the center of the game. The ball was!

Marilyn Walker '76

STREETS

He dashes from
the ecstatic surroundings,
forcing his way
through the dense clamoring
of the gathered,

being careful not to
further reward himself
by looking back;
his mind
rushing,
his heart
pounding,
environment asking his withdrawal,
he sinks his teeth
into the naked woman's breast.
Flushing the safe
down to the sewer,
where no one ever looks,
and suddenly,
"There he goes; it's him!"
shouts a well-built
pimp's soldier,
but no one dares to recognize
the man
of the streets,
the poor, wretched slob
who
damages what cannot be repaired,
for what is unknown
cannot be changed.

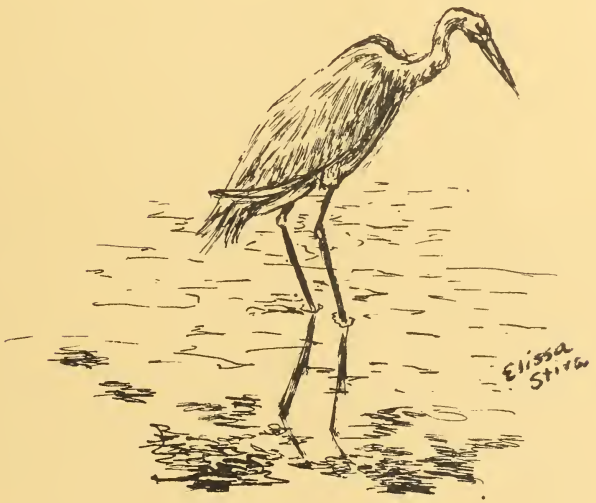
Sally Jutras '75

SEASHORE SIGHTS

The sun rose slowly above the sea
While curious crabs crawled cautiously,
And glorious, graceful gulls galore
Flapped frantically forward towards the shore.

As ocean waves washed willingly,
Sand slipped helplessly back to the sea;
And farther from the ferocious ocean,
Kids' kites crash in mystical motion.

Gail Bixby '75



LIFE

I look at thee and see myself.
The happiness and spirit of living...
Whether it stays or leaves
Depends upon thyself.

Judy Brillant '76

BLACK? YES, BLACK!!

These people of a darker shade
for some reason seem to be the darkest made;

Those people of a different nature
seemed to know nothing of the white man's hatred.

Those people from the motherland
were removed from it, taken by the white man's hands.

These people, who have strived, struggled,
and survived, are aware now and very much alive!

We have begun to unite and will soon
show the world what strength Is Like!!

Marcelyn Carnegie '76

GROWING UP SOME

Been thinkin' some,
(I do a lot of that),
And it occurred to me
that perhaps I subject myself
to my own
peaceful poverty--
I have you to open
My eyes now,
And grateful is never enough
Of a word to mean
Knowing you makes all the difference in the skies
Bluing, clouding, sun shining,
Touching.
I'm growing up some,
(We're all children in ways),
And I'm finding myself
In your hands,
In your arms,
Often in your mind,
Someday in your heart.

Sally Jutras '75

LAST WILL

They're all out of time
When I've just begun;
Seems like we can't live as if free.
They're tied to the clock;
They live on the run.
I won't let them do that to me.

I've got to be paced, but never rushing
Or worried
That I may be late;
I'll manage my duties
And keep track of things,
But not with my eye on the date.

Life is too short
To be glued to a watch,
Too long to have searched and not seen;
So when I've passed on,
Would you let loose of time
And walk in the world once for me?

Sally Jutras '75

THE OLD GANG

I went home
And saw the old gang
For the first time since high school;
I felt like a stranger.
They hadn't changed, not really,
(Maybe they had, or I had just
Changed more).
Anyway, I couldn't even communicate.
The same thing, as always,
The same rut....
They all focused their attention
On the high school football game
Or the musical,
Anything and everything
To revive the feelings towards each other
And our Alma Mater.
I really can't understand it.
Here we all are
Scattered all over the country,
And the only thing keeping them
Together
Is high school.
I know I have changed,
And I am satisfied with where
I am at now.
They're not.
It's so monotonous,
Almost as if they never left
Or realized they have and have to hang on
To those slim threads of
Friendships that are becoming
Non-existent.

They all thought I was unhappy;
Maybe it was their own discontent
Making them so miserable.
(Or maybe they were happy, and I
Couldn't perceive it.)

It's not as if we are so old
We have to have reminders of our youth.
I remember the speech at graduation;
The friendships here (in high school)
Will peter out.
We will only have our memories....
From here on in those are the friendships
We will remember most.

How true.

Cherie Freedman '75

DO YOU?!

Remember the orange-crate house
and the old, wooden duck?
Remember wondering why Mom was so worried
when we didn't come home until way after dark?
Remember running through mud puddles naked
and going barefoot in the snow?
Remember the "Jesus, that's a big one!"
and the atrocious-tasting soap that followed?
Remember the hula hoop
and the great movie actor named Bobby?
Remember wondering why we had to go to bed so early
when, "Oh, Daddy, it's not even dark"?
Remember the parades through the barn
using our "knife and spoon" drums?
Remember the "jump rope" chants
and our happy, little kid songs?
REMEMBER. . . .

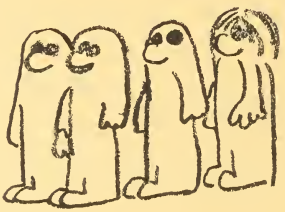
Barbara Lourie '76

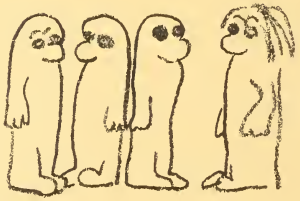
GRAVEYARD CITY

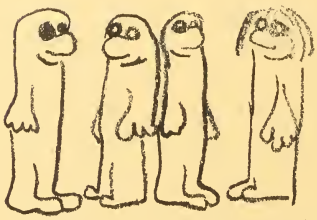
The flowers always die in a graveyard city,
Like the souls buried under its dark rich dirt.
Yet everything seems to move on.
The trains rattle by, planes rumble above,
And no one seems to care
That the flowers always die in a graveyard city.
When another moves in, the mourning goes on--
New flowers, ladies in black, and the seed of a
New tear moistens the ground;
Yet the flowers always die in a graveyard city.
Seasons change and time whispers by;
Old and young come to visit the past
And try to remember before.
Yet again and again, all they seem to find
Is the flowers always die in a graveyard city.

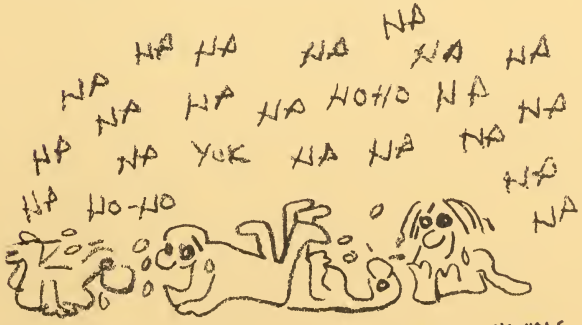
Susan Cripps '76

EL FEO BANDITO









PAMEE NICHOLS

FLIGHT 223

Far above
you all
us all
is a gold mine in the sky.
I just happened
to be in the vicinity
today
and couldn't help but notice.
I've always
wondered what heaven
might
look like;
and oh, so gently,
I would like to reach
outside
and touch the fluffy,
white masses
surrounding us now.
Seems like all the
world
is a pillow now,
and the earth is
inflamed,
enlightened.

Sally Jutras '75

I've lost all track of time;
I'm living for now--now, the future.
My once stable wall of responsibility
Is slowly sinking into o
b
l
i
v
i
o
n....

Barbara Lourie '76

solutions come from the pressure
of a depressing thought
which pressures you
to think of a solution...

Barbara Lourie '76

CINQUAIN

Children,
Laughing, playing all around;
Night falls, and they are tucked into bed,
Dreaming of playing
Another day.

Susan Strong '76

I suppose we can still love
Forever,
For you will always be with me.
But we just cannot love together.

Cherie Freedman '75

Tears stream down faces;
Hands reach to touch
The sacred stones, the Western Wall
Awakening new hope in the land
And the dream of peace.

PEACE?

HOPE?

WHERE?

Sirens sound; guns fire.
Tanks move onward.
Israel knows no peace.
While Jews pray on the holiest day, Yom Kippur,
Once again, the enemy steals upon them.

Helene Sable '76

Life abounds.
It's cool;
It's real.
I am a person,
So observant
And aware;
My senses
Are all super-strong
Now,
But I am digging it.
It's nice
Being free
And all,
But what do I do with
All this
Freedom?
Reality is cool,
But sometimes it's really
Rotten.

Cherie Freedman '75

Hey, baby, tell me your name--
What's your name?
I like your style.
Can I stick around and rap to you awhile?

Hey, baby, don't turn around; don't turn around--
Please listen to what I have to say.
Don't tell me some other day.
Please won't you say something?
Tell me you feel the same way too.

Can I see you again?
No, don't walk away; don't walk away
If in your heart you really want to stay.
Baby, what you feel is for real
And believe me, it's okay.

Micaela DePina '76

Riding through the old, country roads
There is a feeling of great, mystical attraction.
The big oak trees with their beautiful,
Autumn leaves overlapping across the road,
Make a magnificent archway,
Almost as if it were a welcome.

The fields of open land on each side...
Water crackling down the tiny brooks and streams...
All around, the beauty of nature shines;
Yet it is quiet, almost lonely.

Diane Attick '76

The simple sadness of a lost and hurting
track star who will never run again....
His lonely silhouette stands between
the goalposts of his favorite
sport called football. Watching
others run brings on the tears,
but he refuses to let others
see him cry.
Trying hard to forget
his fears, he regains his identity
and smiles the smile we all watch for.

Barbara Lourie '76

A RABBI'S DAUGHTER: LIFE IN A FISHBOWL

A funny thing happened to me on my way from the womb. I stopped crying, opened my eyes, and carefully observed my new surroundings. Each new baby is born with its own individual destiny, and as I heard everyone around me ascertain that, "It's a girl", I suddenly realized, while looking at my father, that, "It's a rabbi"! I don't mean to imply that being the daughter of a member of the "spiritual leader" species is unfortunate, but it does produce certain disadvantages.

Due to the nature of my father's profession, he holds a distinguished and esteemed place in society. This reputation can be very rewarding, but it can also be put into a negative perspective. Somehow, because of my father's position, I feel that people have my personality and appearance predetermined before they even meet me and get to know me. This stereotyped opinion creates quite a problem for me. I enjoy relaxing in sloppy jeans and workshirts and engaging in normal, devilish mischief just as much as any other teenager. But the thought of my father's standing in the community sometimes interferes with this, thus making it difficult for me to be an individualist and live up to these expectations at the same time.

Countless times, my sister and I have been made aware of the fact, by both our friends and teachers, that we are the rabbi's daughters. I can remember one of the many instances in which my father was invited to speak at an assembly at Platt. After hearing his excellent diction and command of the English language, my sister's English teacher implied that it was only natural that she do well considering her father's ability. Her achievement was attributed to my father's reputation, and not to my sister's efforts.

A more general example occurred when I was about eight years old and went out with a friend on Halloween night. Each time a doorbell was answered and before I had time to say, "Trick or treat", my friend would point to me and blurt out those magic words, "She's the rabbi's daughter", in hopes of receiving a greater amount of goodies. To this day, I do not understand her absurd reasoning that we would receive more candy as a result of my "status", but similar experiences have proven to me that many others share the same opinion.

Another of my major complaints is the poor social life that a rabbi's daughter must endure, especially in a city such as Meriden. In the junior and senior classes at Platt, there are seven Jewish students, four of whom are girls. If my subtraction is correct, that leaves the sum total of three Jewish boys, which is extremely limiting

to say the least. Adding to the situation is the fact that I am the only Jewish person in Meriden with such a serious problem. All of my fellow-Jews are allowed to date whomever they wish, but since I am the rabbi's daughter, I am "special", and I have to set a respectable example for the community to follow.

To most people, Friday nights and Saturdays are the most socially active days of the week. According to Jewish law, however, this time period is designated as the Sabbath. The Sabbath is a day of rest, and from sunset on Friday to sunset on Saturday, the observant Jew is not to do work of any kind. Travelling in a car, handling money, and cooking food are just a few of the things that are not allowed. Therefore, among other things, I miss out on all football and basketball games.

Still another difficulty is the many days of school I miss because of the Jewish holidays. I am often asked why I am the only Jewish person who is absent for these holidays. Not knowing exactly what to say, I answer, "Because my father is the rabbi and we are more religious." This is not necessarily true, but it's what people expect to hear. And it's the quickest way to dismiss the question. Some teachers are not the most understanding people when it comes to these excessive absences. I do not appreciate the difficult time I sometimes have to go through in order to make up the work I have missed.

There are also some important advantages in having such a reputable and influential figure for a father. Being the daughter of a rabbi can be helpful in impressing most people with whom I come in contact. It can be particularly advantageous when being interviewed by a prospective employer.

My upbringing, as the daughter of a rabbi, has strongly influenced my desire for higher education. From the day we were born, it was assumed that my sisters and I would attend college. I have been inculcated with the need to study in order to make my own small contribution to the society in which I live.

My religion serves as a guidepost to living. I have learned that all men, regardless of race, color, or creed are equal under God; that service to my people and all mankind is paramount to a meaningful existence; that books, education, and a continuing quest for knowledge are mandatory throughout one's life; and that self-fulfillment can be achieved largely by helping others. My father and his work have been a living example of these teachings.

Other important factors, both financial and emotional, provide security in a household of this type. I am lucky that my father's job is a stable one, and I need not worry where my next meal is coming from, like so many people today.

Finally, and most gratifying, is the sense of emotional well-being which exists in my home. Knowing exactly what is expected of me and what my responsibilities are to my family, my faith, and my community is an essential aspect of life that I am fortunate to enjoy.

I'm sure that you are curious as to the meaning of my title, "A Rabbi's Daughter: Life in a Fishbowl." I think this analogy sums up my life very well. Like fish who live in a bowl, my life is open to public view for all those who care to look. As we expect certain reactions from the fish, certain reactions are expected from me. As these fish are confined to their bowl, so am I confined to my environment and way of life. As the fish feel safe and secure in their bowl, I receive this same security in my sphere of life.

Although parts of this essay may sound a bit cynical, I realize that as I grow older and look back on my adolescence, I will fully appreciate the way in which I have been brought up.

Melanie Troy '76

REINCARNATION--A WILD HORSE

I am a wild horse.
Once a million strong, thriving on grassy plains,
Now I am but few.
I compete with livestock; I am tasty to a dog.
I have been shot for both.
I have been made man's servant.
Even the grassy plains, my substance, my savior,
The object of my fleet-footed retreat,
Are almost gone.
But I survive.
I am a wild horse. I am awe-inspiring.

I am a wild horse.
I am a minority; I am spirited.
Forever running, snorting, frothing--my mane flying,
My nostrils distended--I am caught up in
My reckless flight.
A frigid world, ignorant of struggle, is confident
Of living.
But I refuse to submit.
I am a wild horse. I am proud.

I am a wild horse.
I am losing my battle; my numbers grow smaller.
I stand alone.
My hide is wrinkled; my mane is straggly.
My eyes are clogged with dust; I bear the marks of
My fight.
Inside I grow tougher; my purpose is clearer.
No man as yet owns me.
I live my life. I love my life.
I have fought for everything; I will have it no
Other way, for I am still free.
I am a wild horse. My will is my own.

Sally O'Connor '76

Life is very cold and dirty to me; you see, I am a garbage can. All different kinds of people throw food, paper, and waste in me. This makes me smelly, dirty, and difficult to get along with. All different kinds of animals, such as cats and dogs, help themselves to my garbage and even use me as a toilet. Usually on Sundays and Thursdays, I am relieved because the garbage men empty me, and then I start my routine all over. As you can see, life as a garbage can is hard. So when you grow up, don't become one.

Micaela DePina '76

ARBORWAY VIA HUNTINGTON

The faces rush past
and the subway
makes its way
through the darkened world
of nothingness.
The only brightness
is you.
I keep expecting
to feel your hand
touch my arm,
brush my face,
but no one's near; I sit alone.
The world at quickened pace...
Wonder what you're doin' now;
would rather have you here.
I'm on my way
to another place;
I wish your voice was near.
And
as I step off the
pausing car
into the crowded reception,
I look for you.
You're so much a part of me;
I can hardly do that alone.

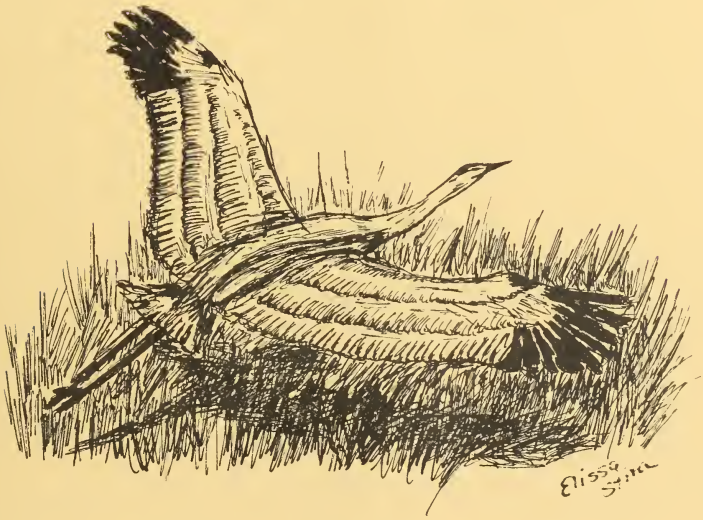
Sally Jutras '75

I was finally down to the bottom of the bottle
when Lizzy phoned and said her Grandmom
had died.
Just like the life of that lady going out
the lotion slowly ran onto my hand,
and as I thoughtfully rubbed it all over
my body, I discovered
what a special thing life is.
Suddenly
I wanted to accomplish things that would bring joy
and a feeling of love to everyone's life
like she did...
Yet, at the same time,
I wanted to just sit there, enveloped
in this strange mood.

Barbara Lourie '76

The warmth of sand between my toes,
As the pebbles and shells
    caress each curve...
The white caps of the bluest ocean
Beating angrily against the rocks...
Each wave brings a mouthful of
Shells to be displayed on shore;
Some hidden treasures are rolling
      in the waters.
If quick enough, catch them
And place them in your pockets
    for memories.

Sally O'Connor '76



I had a dream of you;
You weren't young at all.
You had run life's course,
But still you wanted more.
With age you've lost your patience
And even part of your mind.
I sometimes think you're an animal
Or a machine that can't unwind.
I find myself wanting to kiss you,
But gross thoughts cut through;
I then want to push away
So that I can be free of you.

Barbara Lourie '76

BLUE EVENING

Walking in the evening,
Thinking since we were separated
Only to linger with you...
Although we have an everlasting friendship,
It seems so cruel to end now.
Having a party on that night,
We couldn't laugh any more.
Look at the candle;
It seemed full of the meaning of separating.
Look at the wax drops;
They seemed to cry, crying for us.
The red lamp couldn't warm up my loneliness.
The white wine couldn't press down my sorrow,
And the floating cloud
Can't move out my trouble;
And the big sea
Can't wash out my love.
Now it can only remain--me, alone
In the blue evening.

Linna Tsang '76

BE A STAR

Music really
  does things to me.
Being enclosed by
 the vibrato of his voice
and the
   lonely sax
 lets my heart
        ache a little.
Yes,
    I'm always
       intrigued
  by the silence
    of the piano,
   plunking star
      who can risk each
         moment
  to an audience,
       searching
    out for meanings,
      and who succeeds
 in
blowing their minds
     by his
blueprint presence.
   Oh, that I could
  link my thoughts
     for a musical chain
        like that.

Sally Jutras '75

We are gathered Here today to lay
To rest our departed brother
MIKE JACKSON
MIKE JACKSON 1905-1974
MIKE JACKSON?!
MIKE JACKSON 1905-1974
MIKE JACKSON 1905-1974
AMEE NICHOLS